THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPHIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

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TERMS OF THE VISITOR.

To be neatly printed once a fortnight, on Saturday evening, in Demy Quarto, and delivered to Subscribers, residing in the City, in the same manner as the News-Papers.

Subscription *Two Dollars* per annum; One Dollar to be paid in advance, and the same sum at the end of every succeeding six months.

A handsome title-page, table of contents, and names of the Subscribers, will be furnished (gratis) at the completion of each volume.

THIS Work is intended to comprise various Extracts from the most eminent ancient and modern Authors, and, occasionally, as such may occur, a desirable Song, with the Music, together with many Original Pieces of merit; for the Proprietors have the honor and pleasure of acknowledging that some of the first Literary characters in this City, have obligingly offered them the aid of their talents.

Prospectus.

THE periodical publications which originate in Virginia, and circulate through its vast extent, are all of a political complexion; and, doubtless, in a republican country, such publications have a pre-eminent claim to the attention of the Citizen. In her web of causes and effects, Nature has closely interwoven political information and genuine liberty.—Heat and Light are not more intimately combined. Yet, even at this awful period, when national concerns of the highest importance justly call forth every energy of the mind, and every feeling of the heart, a few moments may be usefully devoted to the sublime strains of the Poet, the pure lessons of the Moralist, and the ingenious or deep researches of the Philosopher. Neither public, nor private duties entirely preclude the refined and innocent relaxation which we contemplate to offer. And what fortune is so humble, what path of life so rugged and desolate, as to shut every avenue against our modest *VISITOR?*

IT is not, however, without some apprehensions, that we embark on the treacherous sea of literary editorship. Around us lie, in sad ruin, the fragments of many who have preceded us in a similar attempt. The horizon, too, presents an aspect unusually lurid.—Still, confiding in the *Genius loci*, in that liberal spirit which characterises Virginia, we cherish a fond hope that the *VISITOR* will be happily wafted to the desired port.

To the object of our publication, political and religious disquisitions are entirely foreign; nor shall its pages ever be sullied with effusions of an indelicate or immoral tendency. Subjects of general utility, such as are calculated to excite and engage the best feelings of the human heart, will alone find admittance into its columns. Whatever may seem likely to sow dissention, or spread the flame of party prejudice, we pledge ourselves studiously to avoid; in short, to diffuse moral, literary, and scientific information, on the broadest principles, is our professed design. With these motives in view, we take the liberty of soliciting the public patronage, and assure our Correspondents that a prompt attention will be paid to every communication.

A Summary of Foreign and Domestic intelligence, including Marriages and an Obituary, will be inserted in each number, together with such remarkable events as may occasionally occur.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

I congratulate you on the establishment of the Visitor. Conducted on the proposed plan, I have no doubt but it will be not only a successful, but an useful and entertaining publication. Gentlemen of talents, who do not choose to embark in the turbed ocean of politics, may here find subjects more congenial to their feelings and more worthy of their attention. Morality, philosophy and poetry may here deposit all their riches: these peaceful and varied topics, are far more congenial to the best feelings of our nature than the stale and acrimonious subjects of politics. To the most ardent politician, publications of this nature probably afford an agreeable relief. It is like turning from the boisterous torrent to the view of a tranquil stream murmuring over its pebbled bed, & gently flowing down its flowery banks: or like the contrast of the effects of a rapid tempest and the view of a landscape of trees and flowers clothed in their peaceful charms, and waving to and fro under the influence of gentle zephyrs.

Subjects of a local nature will of course meet with your attention, and when divested of the acrimony of politics, cannot but have a good effect.

K.

FOR THE VISITOR.

WHILST so many of our young countrymen are given over to turbulent dissipation, it may prove advantageous to remind them of the consequences of such a life, in the fate of a young man of the writer's acquaintance, who died not many days ago.

This gentleman was the son of a highly respectable family, and naturally of an amiable disposition and might have lived an easy & reputable life, had he conducted himself with temperance; but unfortunately at the age when all his prospects began to bloom, he became addicted to the fatal vice of drinking. Excessive drinking naturally opened the way to every other kind of dissipation, & a course of not many years put an end to his existence. Some time before he died, his constitution was destroyed, the faculties of his mind impaired, and his affairs in a deranged situation. Alas! what bitter reflections might naturally have occurred during his last fatal illness? "It is I myself that "have created the evils with which I am surrounded. By my distructive "intemperance, I have poisoned my constitution and brought my life "to a miserable and disgraceful end. And how little is the real sa"tisfaction which I have derived from tumult and dissipation! How "much happier the sober and reflecting character who lives with ho"nor—whose life flows in peace and tranquility. Ah! could I but "commence my days again, how much wiser should I be! But alas! "the time which I have trifled away can never be recalled! The "follies and vices which I have committed can never, never be obli"terated!"

Ye sons of dissipation, pause and reflect for a moment. Whilst you have it in your power, steer your course ere it be too late from the rock which threatens destruction. Will you still rush on the hidden shoals where you see so many already shipwrecked? Even ye who have not as yet run into any fatal excesses do not too readily think yourselves removed from danger. Reflect seriously within yourselves, "May not the habits in which I have occasionally indulged myself "gradually lead on to misery and disgrace, Have not such habits "already injured my health, proved expensive, interrupted my more "serious and reputable pursuits, and led me into errors and follies.

" Thoſe who have been the wretched victims of diſſipation, was not " their career gradually commenced and purſued until habit had ren- " dered a reformation impoſſible. If I do not check my propenſities " now when can I expect to do it." Let ſuch reflections awaken you to your intereſt. By thus conſulting your own intereſt it may create heavy reſolutions & prevent many a bitter ſigh of remorſe. If we deſire recreation there are various amuſements in which we may indulge ourſelves without running into intemperance. And how much better might the money which we ſpend in riot and diſſipation be employed in aſſiſting the unfortunate, in conferring bleſſings on thoſe heads which are aching for them. F.

Literature and Science.

FOR THE VISITOR.

FRAGMENT OF A DISCOURSE ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

(Continued.)

ARE we then to learn all languages? No—the taſk is too extenſive and the attempt were fruitleſs. A choice is to be made, and in making it, we muſt conſult both utility and pleaſure. Such languages as promiſe to us the greateſt aſſiſtance in thoſe purſuits which we have embraced, either from inclination or from neceſſity, are certainly to be preferred. In the German language, for example, the phyſician and the naturaliſt would find an inexhauſtible fund of inſtruction, directly or collaterally interwoven with the ſubjects of their reſpective ſtudies. So would the ſtatesman, for that language abounds in excellent works on medicine, natural hiſtory, the law of nations, &c. Nor is it deſtitute of literary and poetical treaſures. The paſtoral compoſitions of Geſſner, the dramatic pieces of Kotzebue, and many other productions of a ſimilar kind, ſufficiently indicate that Germany is no longer a ſtranger to polite literature. The artiſt, the poet, and the hiſtorian would reap a plentiful harveſt in the flowery and luxuriant field of the Italian tongue. The immortal works of Cervantes might alone recommend the Spaniſh language. But all the riches of which thoſe languages diſplay, each a particular ſhare, ſeem to be moſt happily combined in the French tongue. Ever ſince the days of Francis the firſt, but, eſpecially, during the reign of Louis XIV, that auguſtan age of the French literature, immenſe treaſures have been accumulated by that nation, who have cultivated with ſucceſs every art and every ſcience—thoſe treaſures are daily increaſing: the late change in the government of France has unfettered the genius of philoſophy, and the human mind has reſumed there after 14 centuries of ſervile ignorance and timidity, its native freedom of thought, & that boldneſs of inveſtigation which can alone conduct it to great moral and intellectual reſults* ---In ſhort, the French tongue can boaſt of maſterly productions of every kind; it is gay in Rabelais, *naire* in LaFontaine, harmonious in Malherbe, ſublime in Corneille and Boſſuet, and every thing by turns in Boileau, Racine, Voltaire, and a hundred other writers both in verſe and proſe. Nor does it yield in the pages of Rouſſeau and Buffon to the majeſty of the Engliſh language. Who could enumerate the immortal geniuſes whoſe labors have enriched it? The French have philoſophers and geometricians of the firſt abilities, great metaphiſicians, judicious and profound antiquaries, ſkilful artiſts, learned juris conſults, poets, the worthy rivals of the Greek and Latin bards, ſublime and pathetic orators, eloquent and well-informed hiſtorians, political writers whoſe views do honor to humanity. Hence the French language has aſſumed an undiſputed ſuperiority over the reſt of European languages. It is ſpoken even in Ruſſia.

* *This was written during the time of the French revolution.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOR THE VISITOR.

CHRONOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

(Continued.)

CHINESE.--Three Families or Dynaſties, named Hoang in the Chineſe antiquities——1ſt 18,000 years,
2d 18,000 do.
3d 45,600 do.

Tradition'l account (A. D. 1368)——86480 years.
Subſtract for ancient times--- 81600 years,
year of Chriſtian era 1368
82968
3512 remain for duration of the Empire, and hiſtorical times.

Some ſay that the above families conſiſted,

1ſt of 13 princes } The firſt dynaſty reigned during 18,000,
2d of 11 do. } 2d do. 18 000,
3d of 9 do. } 3d do. 45,600.

Which makes 18,000 X 13 }
and 18,000 X 11 } ==842400 which being ſuppoſed days,
and 45,600 X 9 }
makes 2306 Solar years, 64 years different from the ſeptuagint.

1ſt. AGE of the INDIANS---1728000 years is double of the Chineſe years. Suppoſe the Indians to have reckoned 2 revolutions for one day, thoſe 1628000 half days make 2365 Solar years.

Albumaſar (de mag. conj. T. 1. diff. 1.) expreſsly ſays after oriental traditions that between the creation and the flood 2226 years elapſed.

VARIOUS RESULTS.

According to Chaldeans	2163 Solar years or 2232 Lunar years.
Egyptians	2145.
Chineſe	2306.
Indians	2365.
Albuma ſar	2226:
Hebrew Septuagint	2242 or 2256.

Hence, it would appear that the fabulous times placed at the origin of all nations are the times which ſeparate two memorable epochs: thoſe times are measured by different revolutions, of courſe they have appeared different, but when brought back to the ſame ſtandard, as above, they preſent a ſtriking and demonſtrative coincidence.

(To be continued.)

HENRY FITZOWEN.

A TALE.

(Contined.)

Apprehenſive, at length, he ſhould for ever loſe her, if the nuptials, the day for which was fixed, ſhould take place, the earl became reſolved, whilſt Adeline was now at Ruydvellin, to ſeize the earlieſt opportunity, and to employ all the reſources of his art in effecting his diabolical purpoſes. It was not long ere the opportunity he had ſo anxiouſly awaited was given: for, about a week after, Henry, with a large party of his friends, the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood, met together for the ſtag-hunt, as uſual, joined by Walleran. The morning chaſe afforded the fineſt diverſion, but was very long, and carried them to ſuch a diſtance from home, that they agreed to dine in the foreſt upon the proviſions which they had providently bro't with them, and endeavored to ſtart freſh game after their meal. Walleran, it was obſerved, had retired before dinner; but as this was no extraordinary occurrence, little attention was paid to it, and, a ſtag being ſhortly after rouſed, the chaſe was reſumed with freſh vigor and alacrity. Nothing could exceed the ſpirit and ſwiftneſs of the animal, and Henry, who was generally foremoſt on theſe occaſions, ſo far outſtript his companions, that, having puſhed into an intricate part of the foreſt with a view to reach the ſtag in a more direct line, and being led farther into its receſs than he was aware, at length neither the ſound of hounds, horſes, nor men, any longer reached his ear, and perceiving his path more difficult as he proceeded, he paused, and liſtened with deep attention, but nothing, ſave the ſighing of the evening breeze, as it ruſtled through the branches of the oak, was heard. The ſun was now approaching the horizon, and had ſhot his fiery beams into the foreſt, when Henry, reflecting on the diſtance he was, probably, from home, & on the impending gloom of night, immediately determined to retrace his ſteps, and regain, if poſſible, the open country.—With this intention, therefore, he turned his ſteed, and carefully purſuing the path he came, at length reached the plain, when, to his

great ſurprize, he once-more beheld, and in a direction directly contrary to what he could have expected, or thought poſſible, the very ſtag he had been chaſing ſo long in vain. He appeared lightly bounding at a diſtance, and as the ſun ſhone upon his dappled ſides made a pleaſing and conſpicuous figure. Neither dogs, nor horſes, nor a ſingle human being were in view, and Fitzowen, more from curioſiy than any other motive, put ſpurs to his horſe, and purſued him :—the animal ſeemed perfectly at his eaſe, and went on gently, as if holding his chaſer in contempt, when croſſing the dale, he turned into a narrow road with Henry almoſt at his heels, who followed him in this manner, between three and four miles through a ſerious of winding and intricate lanes, and had juſt reached him, as he conceived, when he ſuddenly ſtruck to the left, and, the lane cloſing, a vaſt and apparently interminable heath ruſhed upon his view, but to his utter aſtoniſhment, for no ſhelter, or cover of any kind was preſent for concealment, not the leaſt veſtige of the animal he had ſo cloſely purſued could now be ſeen. All was nearly ſilent and ſunk in repoſe; twilight had ſpread her grey tint over the plain, and ſcarce a breath of air moved the thiſtle down. Some clouds, however, gathered dark in the weſt, and were tinged with a duſky red, whilſt a few large drops of rain were, now & then, heard, as they fell ſullen and and heavy on the heath, or ſhook the withered broom.

Unable to aſcertain the diſtance from Ruydevllin, and unacquainted with the features of the country, Henry now rode impatiently forward, in hopes of diſcovering ſome road or track which might lead him to a cottage, and give him a chance for inquiry. The ſtrangeneſs of the preceding incident too had occaſioned ſome uneaſineſs in his boſom, & he more than once adverted to the arts and the deſigns of Walleran; the night alſo was approaching, and threatened to be ſtormy, and he dwelt upon the anxiety of his female friends. Whilſt thus meditating, he had reached a ſpot where ſeveral rugged paths ſeemed to ſtretch acroſs the heath, and one appearing more beaten than the reſt, he was about to enter upon it, when he thought he beheld, at a diſtance, a human figure, as of a man wrapped in dark garments, and walking ſwiftly on. Highly pleaſed with the circumſtance, and anticipating ample information, he immediately quitted the track, and puſhed after him. As he drew near the figure, which appeared to dilate into more than common proportion, had the garb and aſpect of a monk, and glided on with ſuch rapidity that Henry found in neceſſary to quicken his pace, when the plain gradually contracting, and ſome trees ſhooting up in the horizon, afforded him hopes of its termination. He now called loudly to the monk, requeſting him to ſtop, but no anſwer was returned, and his form, dimly ſeen through the increaſing gloom, ſtill glided noiſeleſs along the heath, till having reached its verge, where roſe the ſkirts of a pine foreſt, he, for ſeveral minutes, hurried along its border, and then ſuddenly diſappeared. Henry was, by this, convinced that the being he had ſo long endeavored to overtake, was nothing human, and reſolved, if poſſible, to return to the track he had ſo raſhly quitted, was wheeling round, when a light not far diſtant glimmered among ſome trees, and though nearly in the ſame direction the deluſive monk had taken, yet once more animated with the hopes of obtaining a guide, he again ventured to truſt his ſenſes, and made immediately for the ſpot whence the rays appeared to ſtream.

The light, as he advanced, glowed ſteady and brilliant, but required more time and effort to attain than he expected, for having left the common, he was now amid cultivated land, which conſequently oppoſed an obſtacle to his progreſs. At length, however, he approached within a few hundred yards of it, ſtill flattering himſelf it iſſued from ſome neighboring hamlet, when, riſing ſlowly from the ground, it began to expand and yield a very vivid light, then diffuſing itſelf, and melting into air, it gradually aſſumed a paler tint, and diſappeared.

The night now became extremely dark, the thunder growled at a diſtance, and the rain fell heavy, whilſt Henry, ſhocked at the deluſions he had been ſubjected to, and tormented with apprehenſion for the ſafety of his beloved Adeline, wandered from field to field, his imagination buſy in ſuggeſting the moſt dreadful events, and filled with horror and reſentment as he called to mind the wild and lawleſs character of Walleran, to whoſe infernal machinations he could not avoid attributing the ſingular incidents which had lately befallen him.

Whilſt thus ſituated, and in little hope of receiving either information or ſhelter until break of day, his attention was arouſed by the barking of dogs, & making up to the ſound with as much preciſion as the ſtorm would permit, to his great joy he diſcovered a farm-houſe, whoſe inhabitants welcomed him with the utmoſt promptitude and kindneſs.—Here he learnt that he was better than twenty miles from Ruydyellin, & that it wanted ſcarce an hour of midnight, but that the principal road, and which would ſoon lead him into that which went direct for his caſtle, ran within two miles of their cottage. Highly delighted with this laſt piece of intelligence, and extremely anxious to haſten forward, he engaged one of the farmer's ſons to conduct him to the road, and then partaking of ſome refreſhment, and heartily regaling his ſteed, he made many acknowledgments to his hoſt for his well-timed hoſpitality, and departed.

The rain beat furiouſly on our travellers, and the lightning played ſtrongly in the horizon, whilſt the thunder continually muttering, and pealing louder as they advanced, gave token of a dreadful tempeſt :—the road, however, was now before them, and the young farmer parting on his return. Henry rapidly purſued his journey, and within two hours, notwithſtanding the darkneſs of the night, reached the border of his own domain. With a boding mind and palpatating heart he paſſed the well known grounds, every now and then vividly illuminated by the glare of intenſe lightning, whilſt the thunder rolled awfully along the vault of heaven, or burſt over head in loud and repeated claps. He had now approached within view of his caſtle, whoſe numerous towers and turrets, as the lightning flaſhed, were diſtinctly ſeen, and made a beautiful appearance; but in the pitchy darkneſs which immediately ſucceeded, no lights could be diſtinguiſhed in any part of its vaſt extent, a circumſtance which occaſioned him much ſurprize, and added not a little to his apprehenſions :—theſe however, were increaſed to a painful degree, when, on his arrival at the foſſe, no wardens were perceived on the walls, nor was any porter at the barbacan, which being open, he hurried over the draw-bridge, and was about to ſtrike upon the great gate, when, ſtarting back with horror, he obſerved, as the lightning glared, that it was hung with black :—this, in the periods of chivalry, being a ſignal of misfortune, was ſufficient to ſtrike terror into the ſtouteſt chief, when turning to his caſtle, he beheld the protentous monument of diſaſter; and Henry, whoſe fears had been long alive, now felt that all his hopes were blaſted; for that ſome dreadful event had taken place he well knew, and the uncertainty of the moment giving full ſcope to the powers of imagination, it came forward wrapt in the moſt tremendous coloring.

(To be contined in our next.)

Criticism.

Thomas Moore, Eſq. alias Anacreon Moore, who on viſiting this country, was almoſt idolized by its inhabitants, has requited their hoſpitality with the moſt illiberal ſtrictures on American cuſtoms and manners; yet his poetry and muſic are much noticed here, and by many admired. Wherefore, the following criticiſm on his works, which is copied from the Edinburgh Review of July, 1806, and which nearly occaſioned a duel between him and its author, is deemed a fit ſubject for the Viſitor.

Epiſtles, Odes, and other Poems. By Thomas Moore, Eſq.

A ſingular ſweetneſs and melody of verſification—ſmooth, copious, and familiar diction; with ſome brilliancy of fancy, and ſome ſhow of claſſical erudition, might have raiſed Mr. Moore to an innocent diſtinction among the ſong-writers and occaſional poems of his day; but he is indebted, we fear, for the celebrity he actually enjoys to accompliſhments of a different deſcription; and may boaſt, if the boaſt can pleaſe him, of being the moſt licentious of modern verſifiers, and the moſt poetical of thoſe who, in our times, have devoted their talents to the propation of immorality. We regard his book, indeed, as a public nuiſance; and would willingly trample it down by one ſhort movement and indignation, had we not reaſon to apprehend, that it was abetted by patrons who are entitled to a more reſpectful remonſtrance, and by admirers who may require a more extended expoſition of their dangers.

There is nothing, it will be allowed, more indefenſible than a cold-blooded attempt to corrupt the purity of an innocent heart; and we can ſcarcely conceive any being more truly deſpicable, than he who, without the apology of unruly paſſion or tumultuous deſires, ſits down to ranſack the impure places of his memory for inflammatory images and expreſſions, and commits them laborioufly to writing, for the purpoſe of inſinuating pollution into the minds of unknown and unſuſpecting readers.

This is almoſt a new crime among us. While France has to bluſh for ſo many tomes of 'Poeſies Erotiques, we have little to anſwer for,

but the coarſe indecencies of Rocheſter and Dryden: and theſe, though ſufficiently offenſive to delicacy and good taſte, can ſcarcely be regarded as dangerous. There is an antidote to the poiſon they contain, in the open undiſguiſed profligacy with which it is preſented. If they are wicked, they have the honeſty at leaſt to profeſs wickedneſs. The mark of the beaſt is viſibly on their foreheads; and though they have the boldneſs to recommend vice, they want the effrontry to make her paſs for virtue. In their groſſeſt immoralities, too, they ſcarcely ever ſeem to be perfectly in earneſt; and appear neither to wiſh nor hope to make proſelytes:---they indulge their own vein of groſs riot and debauchery; but they do not ſeek to corrupt the principles of their readers; and are contented to be reprobated as profligate, if they are admired at the ſame time for wit and originality.

The immorality of Mr. Moore is infinitely more inſidious and malignant. It ſeems to be his aim to impoſe corruption upon his readers, by concealing it under the maſk of refinement; to reconcile them imperceptibly to the moſt vile and vulgar ſenſuality, by blending its language with that of exalted feeling and tender emotion; and to ſteal impurity into their hearts, by gently perverting the moſt ſimple and generous of their affections. In the execution of this unworthy taſk, he labors with a perſeverance at once ludicrous and deteſtable. He may be ſeen in every page running round the paltry circle of his ſeductions with incredible zeal and anxiety, and ſtimulating his jaded fancy for new images of impurity, with as much melancholy induſtry as ever outcaſt of the muſes hunted for epithets or metre.

It is needleſs, we hope, to go deep into the inquiry, why certain compoſitions have been reprobated as licentious, and their authors ranked among the worſt enemies of morality. The criterion by which their delinquency may be determined, is fortunately very obvious, no ſcene can be tolerated in deſcription, which could not be contemplated in reality, without a groſs violation of propriety: no expreſſion can be pardoned in poetry to which delicacy could not liſten in the proſe of real life.

No writer can tranſgreſs thoſe limits, and be held guiltleſs; but there are degrees of guiltineſs, and circumſtances of aggravation or apology, which ought not to be diſregarded. A poet of a luxuriant imagination may give too warm a coloring to the repreſentation of innocent endearments, or be betrayed into indelicacies in delineating the allurements of ſome fair ſeducer, while it is obviouſly his general intention to give attraction to the picture of virtue, and to put the reader on his guard againſt the aſſault of temptation. Mr. Moore has no ſuch apology;---he takes care to intimate to us, in every page, that the raptures which he celebrates do not ſpring from the exceſſes of an innocent love, or the extravagance of a romantic attachment; but are the unhallowed fruits of cheap and vulgar proſtitution, the inſpiration of caſual amours, and the chorus of habitual debauchery. He is at pains to let the world know that he is ſtill fonder of roving, than of loving; and that all the Caras and the Fannys, with whom he holds dalliance in theſe pages have had each a long ſeries of preceding lovers, as highly favored as their preſent poetical paramour: that they meet without any purpoſe of conſtancy, and do not think it neceſſary to grace their connection with any profeſſions of eſteem or permanent attachment. The greater part of the book is filled with ſerious and elaborate deſcriptions of the eccſtacies of ſuch an intercourſe, and with paſſionate exhortations to ſnatch the joys, which are thus abundantly poured forth from the 'fertile fount of ſenſe.'

To us, indeed, the perpetual kiſſing, and twining, and panting of theſe amorous perſons, is rather ludicrous than ſeductive: and their eternal ſobbing and whining, raiſes no emotion in our boſoms, but thoſe of diſguſt and contempt. Even to younger men, we believe, the book will not be very dangerous: nor is it upon their account that we feel the indignation and alarm which we have already endeavored to expreſs. The life and converſation of our ſex, we are afraid, is ſeldom ſo pure as to leave them much to learn from publications of this deſcription; and they commonly know enough of the reality, to be aware of the abſurd illuſions and exaggerations of ſuch poetical voluptuaries. In them, therefore, ſuch a compoſition can work neither corruption nor deception; and it will, in general, be deſpiſed and thrown aſide, as a tiſſue of ſickly and fantaſtical conceits, equally remote from truth and reſpectability. It is upon the other ſex, that we conceive its effects may be moſt pernicious; and it is chiefly as an inſult upon their delicacy, and an attack upon their purity, that we are diſpoſed to reſent its publication.

(To be continued.)

APOSTROPHE.

The following Apoſtrophe is replete with all the beauties which a vigorous imagination, grandeur of thought, energy of ſtyle, and warm benevolence of ſentiment can beſtow.

Be wiſe, be inſtructed, ye riſing American States; Let it be your glorious contention which of you ſhall ſtand foremoſt in making liberal proviſions for the advancement and ſupport of freedom and virtue; Without which, neither the ordinances of religion, nor the laws can be duly adminiſtered, nor the civil duties of life fulfilled, nor the manners of a people improved, but by wiſe eſtabliſhments for the inſtruction of youth: the advancement of the arts and ſciences; the encouragement of induſtry, & the maintenance of religion & morality---This ſhall become a great and a happy land----Tranſported at the thought, I'm borne forward to days of diſtant renown: In my expanded view, theſe United States riſe in all their ripened glory before me. I look through, and beyond every yet peopled region of the New World, and behold period ſtill brighten upon period. Where one continued depth of gloomy wilderneſs ſhuts out now even the beams of day, I behold new ſtates, new empires, new ſeats of wiſdom and knowledge, new religious domes ſpreading around. In places, now untrodden by any but ſavage beaſts, or men as ſavage as they. I hear the voice of happy labor, and behold towery cities growing into the ſkies.

Lo! in this happy picture, I behold the native Indian exulting in the works of peace and civilization. His bloody hatchet he buries deep in the ground, and his murderous knife he turns into a pruning hook to lop the tender vine and teach the luxuriant ſhoot to grow. No more does he count himſelf a Heaven after death (according to the Poet) in company with his faithful dog behind the cloud-cap'd hill, to enjoy ſolitary quiet, far from the haunts of faithleſs men; but better inſtructed by chriſtianity, he views his everlaſting inheritance, "a houſe not made with hands eternal in the Heavens!"

Inſtead of recounting to his offsping round the blazing fire, the bloody exploits of their anceſtors, and the wars of ſavage death, ſhewing barbarous exultations over every deed of woe; me thinks I hear him pouring forth his eulogies of praiſe to the memory of thoſe who are the inſtruments of Heaven in turning his tribes from darkneſs to light; in giving them freedom and civilization, and converting them from violence and blood, to meekneſs and love.

FOR THE VISITOR.

APOTHEGMS.

THE proſpects of hope in *this* world, like the fleeting pictures which imagination forms on the horizon are too ſoon diſſolved under the eye of diſappointment.

Mere worldly prudence is too frequently the reſort of weakneſs or avarice, and miſſes its mark for want of knowing its proper boundary.

Hoſpitality can never be praiſed too much; but indiſcriminate hoſpitality too often proceeds from vanity or indolence.

Many who value themſelves on their politeneſs are far from having a poliſhed mind.

Thoſe are truly polite who ſtudy to pleaſe and inform you, without thinking of being admired for their behaviour.

Idleneſs perhaps, rather than ill-nature gives birth to ſcandal: the obſervation of little incidents always narrows the mind. Z.

ANECDOTE

OF THE EARL OF CRAWFORD.

THIS nobleman, ſo remarkble for his courage and thirſt of glory, exhibited a very extraordinary inſtance of preſence of mind on the morning that preceded the battle of Rocoux. He, and ſome volunteers, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, and attended by two orderly dragoons, had rode out before day to reconnoitre the ſituation of the enemy, and fell into one of their advanced guards: the ſergeant who commanded it immediately turned out his men, and their pieces were preſented when the earl firſt perceived them. Without betraying the leaſt mark of diſorder, he rode up to the ſergeant, and, aſſuming the character of a French general, told them, in that language, that there was no occaſion for that ceremony: then he aſked if they had perceived any of the enemy's parties; and being anſwered in the negative, "very well, ſaid he, be upon your guard, & if you ſhould

be attacked, I will take care that you ſhall be ſuſtained." So ſaying, he nd his company retired before the ſergeant could recollect himſelf from the ſurprize occaſioned by this unexpected addreſs. In all probability he was ſoon ſenſible of his miſtake; for the incident was that very day publicly mentioned in the French army :---the prince of Tingry, an officer in the Auſtrian ſervice, having been taken priſoner in the battle that enſued, dined with Marſhal Count Saxe, who diſmiſſed him on his parole, and deſired he would charge himſelf with a facetious compliment to his old friend the Earl of Crawford : he wiſhed his Lordſhip joy of being a French general; and ſaid he could not help being diſpleaſed with the ſergeant, as, he had not procured him the honor of his Lordſhip's company at dinner.

ON EDUCATION.

BY —— PRATT.

I ſee to plainly cuſtom forms us all:
Our thoughts, our morals, our moſt fixed belief,
Are conſequences of our place of birth:
Born beyond Ganges—I had been a *Pagan*;
In France, a *Chriſtian*—I am here a *Saracen*.
'Tis but inſtruction all! Our parent's hand
Writes on our hearts the firſt faint characters,
Which time retracing deepens into ſtrength
That nothing can efface but death or heaven. *Zara.*

Juſt as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd. *Pope.*

LET us imagine, as an illucidation of the above aſſertions, a child born under every favorable event of temporal proſperity; the father rich, and the mother beautiful; its cradle ſoft and downy, its pap is made of the whiteſt bread; and every accommodation that the little ſtranger demands, is furniſhed with the moſt pompous parade, and in the higheſt perfection. It will not be long before theſe *ſoftneſſes* will have ſo great an influence on the body; that the infant muſt imbibe from theſe bleſſings an idea of luxury. This idea will be conſtantly recurring, and every day's illuſtration of the points which firſt produced it, will expand on the imagination, which, like the paſſions and appetites, is no foe to delicacies. Voluptuous images, thus aſſociated, are eaſily admitted into the young heart, and every thing that did not correſpond with thoſe images, would in proportion, be rejected. Accuſtomed to the light and ſpacious apartments, he would not venture into a dark paſſage without his nurſe or governante.

Suppoſe, on the other hand, a child, the offſpring of laborious and indigent parents; its birth is effected upon the ſtraw, or upon ſacking, without curtains; the wind blows hard through the caſement; the mother lies down contented with her ſmall beer caudle, and on the third or fourth day ſhe is up, and dandling the babe upon her knee, or dancing it in her arms. The mother of the other, meanwhile is gradually recovering from the pains of labour, upon a couch of down; ſtops up every crevice of air, "leſt the breeze of heaven ſhould viſit her too roughly." Dares not riſe till ſhe is ſufficiently *weakened* by the forms of a faſhionable lying-in, as it is, in this caſe, emphatically called; and, at laſt, after much effort, and more ceremony, ſhe ventures abroad on ſome auſpicious, ſun ſhiny day, under the fortification of cloaks, hoods, and hankerchiefs, juſt to *take an airing*, with the glaſſes of her carriage drawn up cloſe, and then returns to her chamber, ſhivering at thoſe gales which fan the face of the poor woman, who inhales them as the moſt natural reſtoratves of health and beauty. About the time that the rich child begins to know the delicacy of its condition, the poor one would find itſelf promiſing and hardy, and in ſome degree inured to the ſtorms of life. Let them be at this period each five years old: one has acquired a ſenſation of ſoftneſs, the other an habit of hardineſs. Suppoſe then, about this time, it were poſſible for them to *change* ſituations, the pennyleſs lad ſhall go into the warm villa, the rich ſtripling into the cold cottage;—what would be the conſequence? Exactly the ſame at if the two *mothers* and *fathers* were to exchange. All would be diſtreſs, dilemma, confuſion, and awkwardneſs; the pampered youth would croud over the wretched blaze, made by two ſticks laid across a brick; and the lad who was bred in a tempeſt, and ſeaſoned to wind and weather, would very probably toſs his plaything againſt the fine ſaſh window to let in the air, and prevent ſuffocation.

Thus far I have ſpoken reſpecting the influence of early habits on the *body*. Let us now ſee what effect they have on the *mind*. Nothing can befall the one that is indifferent to the other: ſympathy implanted by nature is powerfully reciprocated; and the tie is at once tender and forcible. Conſequently, the minds of theſe two boys muſt be affected very ſenſibly by their reſpective *educations* and *cuſtoms*. As they grow up, thoſe cuſtoms will ſo ſtrengthen, that nothing but "death or heaven" can reconcile them to an innovation, either in thought, word, or deed. The poor boy having heard nothing but unpoliſhed language, ate nothing but coarſe food, and paſſed his day amongſt clowns and cattle, will continue in the track, and if, by any unlucky ſtroke of chance, he be called to new purſuits, his miſery muſt be dated from the day in which he deſerted the ſpade the plowſhare, or the flail. The rich boy, in the mean time, riſes into man amidſt the clash of cariages, the comfort of couches, and the luxuries of laziness. His ears are accuſtomed to muſic, faſhion, and flattery: his eyes are daily charmed with objects of diſſipation or delight. No poſſible accident could be more fatal to his peace than a ſudden deprivation of theſe pleaſures. Take him again into the hut, he finds himſelf like a fiſh upon land, out of his element: the greateſt tranſports of the peaſant, are to him agony; and every thing around and within him, is as ſtrange as if he had ſtepped into a new world, Why is all this?—Merely becauſe they have been taught to think, to feel and act differently.

We will proceed gentle reader if you please, to further familiar illuſtrations. Imagine that when theſe children were five weeks old, the mother of the pooreſt, reduced to extreme neceſſity, puts it in a baſket, & lays it at the door of a perſon equally celebrated for wealth & benevolence---the gentleman takes it into his houſe, clothes, feeds, and educates it as his own--- that very infant, which with the parent would be the lout I have deſcribed, would, with its protector, be as different a creature as could exiſt. His pains, paſſions, pleaſures, and ideas, totally reverſed.--- Imagine likewiſe that ſome gypſy ſteals, or kidnaps, as it is called, the rich child from the cradle, and ſtrolls with it up and down the country: it will have its education in the open air, its lodging in a barn, and its dirty diet under a hedge. Probably it will imbibe the craft and ſubtlety of the gypſy, and limit its utmoſt ambition to trick the traveller out of ſixpence, croſs the palm with ſilver, and tell the events which have happened (or are ſtill to be brought forward) by the *line of life*. Thus in every other inſtance, with a few peculiar exceptions, that have nothing to do with general rules, *habit* and *education* form the mind, and color the human character.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Agricultural.

As Agriculture, the germ of national opulence, is yet in its infancy in this country, we, who aſpire to the character of good citizens, think it our duty to deſſeminate as widely, and as generally as we can, every article of information, that may tend to promote the growth of it; and, therefore, we inſert the following account from the European Magazine, of the improvements in the Green Park at Windſor.

In the year 1791, the Green Park at Windſor, about 4000 acres, fell into his majeſty's poſſeſſion. It might be called a rough jewel: the whole, as a natural object, was grand and beautiful, of a foreſt appearance; but the parts were crowded and indiſtinct: the ſoil was various, ſome parts clay and loam, and ſome ſharp gravel or poor ſand; a great part of the former was covered with ruſhes and mole-hills, and the latter with fern and moſs.

About 1000 acres of the lighteſt part were ſeparated from the reſt at one extremity, and formed what is called the Norfolk Farm: about 400 acres more, at the other extremity, of a good loamy ſoil, were ſeparated, and called the Flemiſh farm, both being named from the nature of the huſbandry meant to be adopted upon them.

The reſt (about 2,400 acres) remains ſtill in Plantations and Park; and though ſo much reduced, yet, from the improvements which have been made upon it, is now capable of carrying more ſtock than the whole 4000 acres did before. All the unſound wet parts have been drained by the Eſſex mode, ſo as to be rendered firm, and productive of an improved herbage, the mole-hills have been levelled, chiefly by dragging, and the coarſe and moſſy parts refined by repeated harrowing and rolling (being one of the firſt improvements upon Park land of this deſcription;) beſides which, a variety of beauty has been laid open, by clearing the valleys and low parts, to give a bolder effect to the woody ſcenes upon the higher ground; and by making judicious

openings, ſo as to break ſtrait lines, and ſeparate parts that were in ſome places too heavy and ſamely; ſo that the ſame extent of land has now not only a much larger appearance, but exhibits a much greater variety of ground: the truth of this, every impartial perſon, who knew the place before his majeſty cauſed theſe improvements to be made, muſt allow. I have only to add, that though prejudice may have taken up an idea that there has been too great a ſacrifice of timber in effecting theſe improvements, truth will not deny: there has not been a tree taken down, but what was either in decay, or removed either to give room for the growth of others, or to ſet them off to greater advantage in pictureſque appearance.

I come now to the object in view, as before hinted, which is to ſtate the motives which I am inclined to think induced his majeſty to adopt the farming ſyſtem upon ſo large a ſcale, and next ſhew the reſult: theſe I conceive were chiefly to create uſeful labor for the induſtrious poor in the neighborhood, and for trying experiments in agriculture, to excite imitation where ſucceſs might encourage it.

The Norfolk Farm borders on that extenſive waſte called Bagſhot-heath, hitherto conſidered too barren for cultivation, though large tracts of a ſimilar quality have been long ſince rendered uſeful to the community in the s. weſt part of Norfolk. Arable land of this deſcription is generally managed there under a five-courſe ſhift; firſt, wheat; ſecond, turnips; third, barley with ſeeds, which continue laid two years. But as the ſeeds turn to very little account after the firſt year, his majeſty's, though a five-courſe ſhift likewiſe, of one hundred acres in a ſhift, is upon a much improved courſe of cropping; as thus; firſt, wheat or rye; ſecond, the irregular ſhift; third, turnips; fourth, barley or oats; fifth, clover: the irregular ſhift, which is of great uſe on a light land farm, may perhaps want a little explanation. It is meant to be partly productive, and partly preparative. Forty acres of it are ſown with vetches, to be fed off; forty are ſown the latter end of Auguſt with rye, for early feed the next ſpring for the ewes and lambs; the remaining twenty acres are planted with potatoes, and the whole comes round for turnips the next year.

(To be continued.)

Humorous.

Definition of a Husband by his Wife.

This lady compoſed the following vocabulary to expreſs the character of a huſband, from her own experience, and which proved how copious our language is on that article:—He is, ſaid ſhe, an abhorred, abominable, acrimoninus, angry, arrogant, auſtere, awkward, barbarious, bitter, bluſtering, boiſterous, booriſh, brawling brutal, bullying, capricious, captious, careleſs, choleric, churliſh, clamorous, contumelious, crabbed, croſs, curriſh, deteſtable, diſagreeable, diſcontented, diſguſting, diſmal dreadful, drowſy, dry, dull, envious, execrable, faſtidious, fierce, fretful, froward, frumpiſh, furious, grating, groſs, growling, gruff, grumbling, hard-hearted, haſty, hateful hectoring, horrid, huffiſh, humourſome, illiberal, ill-natured, implacable, inattentive, incorrigible, inflexible, injurious, inſolent, intractable, iraſcible, ireful, jealous, keen, loathſome, magotty, malevolent, malicious, malignant, maundering, miſchievous, moroſe, murmuring, nauſeous, nefarious, negligent, noiſy, obſtinate, obstreperous, odious, offenſive, opinionated, oppreſſive, outrageous, overbearing, paſſionate, peeviſh, pervicacious, perverſe, perplexing, pettiſh, petulant, plaguy, quarrelſome, queaſy, queer, raging, reſtleſs, rigid, rigorous, roaring, rough, rude, rugged, ſaucy, ſavage, ſevere, ſharp, ſhocking, ſluggiſh, ſnappiſh, ſnarling, ſneaking, ſour, ſpiteful, ſplenetic, ſqueamiſh, ſtern, ſtubborn, ſtupid, ſulky, ſullen, ſurly, ſuſpicious, tantalizing, tart, teasing, terrible, teſty, tireſome, tormenting, touchy, treacherous, troubleſome, turbulent, tyrannical, uncomfortable, ungovernable, unpleaſant, unſuitable, uppiſh, vexatious, violent, virulent, waſpiſh, worrying, wrangling, wrathful, yarring, yelping dog in a manger, who neither eats himſelf nor will let others eat.

A PRUDENT CHOICE.

When Loveleſs married Lady Jenny,
Whoſe beauty was the ready penny;
I choſe her, ſays he, like old plate,
Not for the faſhion, but the weight.

An Epitaph on a very Idle Fellow.

Here lieth one that once was born and cried,
Liv'd ſeveral years, and then---and then---he died.

MARRIAGE.

Married, on Thurſday evening laſt, *Mr. Henry R. Harriſon* of Suſſex, to *Miſs Anna Bland* of Prince-George.

DEATHS.

Died, on Thurſday morning, the 16th inſtant, about 11 o'clock, *Taylor Braxton, Eſq.* in the 28th year of his age. His even temper, gentle diſpoſition, and amiable manners, render his death a ſource of ſincere regret to his numerous relatives and friends. He has left a widow and an infant daughter.

On Saturday the 4th inſt. was drowned in Mattapony river, *Mr. Philip Courtney*, of King and Queen, in the 56th year of his age, he was an affectionate huſband, a tender parent and kind maſter. The mildneſs of his temper, the ſincerity and benevolence of his heart, his eaſy and unaſpiring manners endeared him to all with whom he was acquainted. He has left five children to lament their irreparable loſs.

Summary of Intelligence.

Europe.—A London paper ſtates, that the late King and Queen of Spain, and the Prince of Peace, have been removed to the palace of Chamberd, near Blois, until the ſeat of Navare, near Eureaux, in Normandy, which belonged to the late Duc de Bouillon can be prepared for their reception, the Queen of Etruria and her young ſon, are placed at a houſe in the village of St. Mendez, near Paris, under proper care. Ferdinand, and his two brothers, the Infant Charles Iſidore, who is near 21 years of age, and the Infant Francis, who is about 14, continued cloſely confined in the caſtle of Valency.

Accounts from Spain of a recent date have been received at New-York and Charleſton; via London and the Weſt-Indies. But every thing appears enveloped in uncertainty with reſpect to that country. No indubitable information in the laſt fortnight has reached us from Spain, but what we have received is, in general, favorable to the French: One account ſtates, that Bonaparte after having annihilated the army of Caſtanos and vanquiſhed gen. Blake and others of the Spaniſh leaders, had marched to Madrid, drenching his foot-ſteps in the blood of the Patriots, and deſolating the whole country around.---But the lateſt advices from thence, however, report, that Sir John Moore with an army of 36,000 men, had attacked the French in the environs of Madrid, and completely routed them. However various and contradictory the accounts from Spain appear, yet it is certain that ſome obſtinate and ſanguinary conflicts, almoſt beyond deſcription have taken place between the contending armies. And from the great preparations, the vaſt numbers, and the known inveteracy of the parties, the reſult muſt prove dreadful in the extreme, and deluge with blood the almoſt deſolated plains of that devoted country.

A Portſmouth paper of the 9th of Dec. ſtate, that ſeveral ſhips are ordered to Spain, to protect the tranſports, in bringing off the Engliſh troops from thence.

Auſtria papers ſtill to continue her military preparations.

A Ruſſian Ukaſe, notifies to the merchants of St. Peterſburgh, that after the firſt of January, 1809, no ſhips ſhall be ſuffered to enter or clear, from the Ruſſian ports.

Letters from Holland ſtate, that Bonaparte has ordered a relaxation to take place in the regulations enjoined by his Milan Decree reſpecting neutrals: ſo that neutrals ſhall be admitted into French ports, though they have been ſearched by a Britiſh cruizer, provided they have not touched at a Britiſh port.

Accounts from Sweden are unfavorable ſince the rupture of the armiſtice, the Ruſſians puſhed forward with ſuch an overwhelming ſuperiority of force, that all the gallant efforts of the Swedes have been fruitleſs.

The other nations of the old world, though ſecretly agitated by the exertions of thoſe already mentioned, are yet too inactive to offer us any thing worth notice.

Weſt-Indies.—At the date of our laſt, reports were in circulation, that Martinique had fallen into the hands of the Engliſh; but ſubſequent accounts ſtate, that three frigates from Cheſbourg in France, have eluded the vigilance of the Britiſh ſquadron ſtationed off that iſland, and have ſupplied it with 2100 barrels of proviſions, and 200

troops. And they alſo mention a much larger French force being at ſea, whoſe object is to afford it a farther ſupply; but this, they ſay, is not well authenticated. By a late arrival from St. Kitts, however, and by a letter from Auguſta, dated the 1ſt of January, 1809, ſtatements are made corroborative of the above; and it is ſaid that the expedition of the Engliſh againſt the French iſlands has, in conſequence of theſe occurrences, been abandoned.

South-America.—The Portuguese with 2000 men, have taken poſſeſſion of Ceyenne.

Domeſtic.—The due arrival of the mails ſince our laſt have been greatly interrupted by the badneſs of the roads, but we believe nothing of much importance has tranſpired, either at *Waſhington* or elsewhere. A ſpirit of oppoſition to the measures of government, however, seems ſtill to hover over the eaſtern ſtates; and, if we may judge from a report lately made to the Legiſlature of Maſſachuſetts, on the ſubject of the "Britiſh orders in council," and "the decrees of France," it is not likely to diſappear, ſo long as the embargo laws are in force, or any impediments thrown in the way of commerce.

A bill is now before Congreſs for raiſing the Embargo on the 4th of March, except as to Great-Britain and France, and enacting total non-intercourſe with thoſe countries after the 20th of May next. And there appears to be little doubt but this bill will be carried through both Houſes with all poſſible expedition.

The U. States' Frigate Cheſapeake, capt. Hull, ſailed from Hampton Roads, on the 16th inſt. on a cruize to the northward; & the ſame day, Commodore Decatur proceeded to the ſeat of government, to take the command, it is ſaid, of the Frigate United States.

Henry Dearborn, Eſq. the preſent ſecretary of war, has been appointed Collector of the port of Boſton.

The ſpirit of oppoſition to the meaſures of the General Government has appeared in New-Hampſhire. Several meetings have been held, and reſolutions adopted declaratory of their diſapprobation of thoſe meaſures.

The Legiſlature of Kentucky have rejected the propoſition made to them by the Legiſlature of Virginia, relative to the removal of Senators of the U. States.

On *W*ednesday laſt, the 22d inſt, the birth-day of Gen. GEORGE *W*ASHINGTON, was celebrated in this city, by the military and the citizens, with a ſpirit truly becoming the occaſion. At ſun-riſe a Federal Salute was fired by the Artillery, under capt. Price, and at 11 o'clock, a line formed, compoſed of the Cavalry, commanded by capt. Sheppard, the Light Infantry Blues, commanded by capt. Richardſon, the Artillery, and the Richmond Rifle Volunteers, commanded by capt. George Turner. His Excellency Governor Tyler then paſſed the line in review. At 12 o'clock a ſalute was again fired, commencing in the centre, by the Artillery, and returned by the right and left wings. The troops when thus formed in a line, made ſuch a martial and beautiful appearance, as would do honor to any army.

☞ THE Annual meeting of the RICHMOND LIBRARY SOCIETY, is to be held at the Houſe of Caſper Fleſher, on the fourth Monday in this month, at the hour of 12 o'clock.

By order of the Preſident and Directors,

Richmond, February 25, 1809. JOHN LYNCH, *Librarian.*

Poetry, Original and Select.

Original.

TO A MIRROR.

To thee bright glaſs imbibing beauty's ray,
Angelic forms their daily homage pay!
Succeſſively you catch each lovely face,
By turns reflecting ev'ry magic grace.
From one you drink the "genial rays divine,"
That in an eye of liquid luſtre ſhine;
Or with the beams that kindle in that eye
Reflect a cheek dipt in the roſe's dye;
Before thee, one a heavenly ſmile diſplays
That round a lovely mouth ſeraphic plays;
Flowing on her boſom's Parian white
Another ſhews her curling treſſes bright;
But ne'er didſt thou within thy poliſh'd plane,
In one fair form thoſe glowing charms contain,
Till **** in ev'ry robe of beauty dreſt,
Before thee ſtood, the queen of love confeſt! Garnet

DELINEATION OF A *SQUEEZE.**

The evening came, the tapers glow'd,
When ſoon appear'd a motley croud;
But where, to tell, my ſullen muſe
Does pertinacioufly refuſe,
Yet, unreſerv'd, does ſhe relate
That, in a ſquare of twenty feet,
Were parſons, lawyers, and phyſicians,
Merchants, tradeſmen, and tacticians;
Stateſmen, ſhallow and profound,
Wits, and amateurs of ſound,
Churchmen, jews, and quondam quakers,
Sunday ſaints, and ſabbath breakers,
Widows, wives, and theſe among,
A hoſt of ſpinſters, old and young.

And as various as their claſſes
Were their taſtes; for, lo! the laſſes,
And the lads, their ſtation took
In the leaſt enlighten'd nook;
Whence—a thirſt for themes to quiz—
Some ey'd each odd coſtume and phiz,
And often ſeaſon'd converſation,
With a ſpice of defamation;
Which tho' anon, ſome thought too bitter,
They always join'd the gen'ral titter:
This ſport, howev'r, ſome took no part in,
But talk'd of modes and juggler Martin.

Aloof too ſat a ſilent pair,
Abſtracted from all worldly care,
Yet mark'd with ſomething like diſtreſs,
For they devoted were to Cheſs.
But in the midſt two ſons of Mammon,
A *duo* rattled at Backgammon.
Near whom more rude and greedy too,
Were ſeated ſix at dollar loo;
And four grave wights, to grace the liſt,
Sat wrapp'd in eighteen-penny whiſt;
While round the harp, behind the door,
Stood crotchet-mongers near a ſcore.

Thus plac'd, a concert ſoon began,
CAPRICIO, and thus it ran.——
"See! from ocean"——'*quartre ace*'——
"Bright flames the orb"——'*lord, what a face!*'
'*'Tis ſaid ſhe tipples*'——"from yon grove
The varied ſongs ſhall"——'*move, ſir, move*'——
"Virginia"——'*quick ma'am*'——"chace away."
'*The board is rich, come, play, play, play.*"
"Tho' from ocean riſing, bright"——
'*Martin ſhone methinks laſt night*'——
"The orb of day"——'*he's very clever*'——
"Ah! not"——'*did you ſee him ever?*'——
"Not yet, Virginia"——'*mark us three*'——
"Do not delay,"——'*te-he-he-he.*'
"Yet awhile"——*I'll check your king*"——
"Hence a—" '*well, ſir, take your ſwing*"——
'*O lud! I'm loo'd, pray lend me ſeven*'——
'*Ma'am*'——"I obey"——'*that makes eleven*'——
"Yes, go, yes"——'*no only nine*'
"Hence away"——'*the hit is mine.*'

Now tea went round this modern Babel,
Then ev'ry nook and ev'ry table
Was occupied as before,
And ſoon began the ſame uproar,
Which laſted 'till the hour of ten,
When wives and widows---maids and men,
All ſmiling at each other, parted,
But few went homeward happy-hearted;
For who,---ſave thoſe who ſack'd the pence,
Could reliſh ſuch a breach of ſenſe.

PASQUIN.

* *A modern term for a* Rout.

Owing to ſome miſtakes having eſcaped our notice in the following verſes, publiſhed in our laſt, we re-inſert them with the corrections.

TO MARY.

Why the azure above ſhould we ſcan,
For cauſe to admire and to praiſe?
Why below ſhould we nature's vaſt plan,
Look on with ſuch wond'ring amaze?

Since if Heaven's blue conceave we view,
Or to earth's mighty fabric deſcend,
We ſee nothing ſo lovely as you,
No motive ſo ſtrong to commend.

For of wonder 'tis ſurely no cauſe,
That he who could give thee ſuch eyes,
Could make, by the ſame magic laws,
The gems that beſpangle the ſkies.

He that on thy cheeks could beſtow
The ſoft mellow tints they diſcloſe,
Might certainly give the bright glow,
That bluſhing appears on the roſe.

The ſkill that thy fair boſom dreſt
With the white ſnowy ſoftneſs it bears,
Might give to the Cygnet its breast,
Or the lily, the mantle it wears.

No berry ſo ſweet did e'er grow,
As the color that reddens thy lip;
No zephyrs ſo ſweet ever blow
As thy breath that ſo balmy they ſip.

Why then ſhould we wonder to ſee,
Aught elſe that by nature's achiev'd;
Since all ſhe can boaſt beſide thee,
May in thee be more lovely perceiv'd.

Gaynef.

Selected Poetry.

PHOEBE DAWSON.

Two ſummers ſince I ſaw at Lammas fair,
The ſweeteſt flower that ever bloſſom'd there;
When Phoebe Dawson gaily croſſed the green,
In haſte to ſee, and happy to be ſeen;
Her air, her manner, all who ſaw, admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes diſplayed,
And eaſe of heart, her every look conveyed;
A native ſkill her ſimple robes expreſt,
As with untutor'd elegance ſhe dreſſ'd;
The lads around, admired ſo fair a ſight,
And Phoebe felt, and felt ſhe gave, delight.
Admirers ſoon of every age ſhe gain'd,
Her beauty won them and her worth retained;
Envy itſelf, could no contempt diſplay,
They wiſh'd her well whom yet they wiſh'd away;
Correct in thought, ſhe judg'd a ſervants place,
Preſerv'd a ruſtic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on ſunday eve in freedom's hour
With ſecret joy ſhe felt *that* beauty's power;
When ſome proud bliſs upon the heart would ſteal,
That poor or rich, a beauty ſtill muſt feel.
At length the youth ordained to move her breaſt,
Before the ſwains with bolder ſpirit preſſed;
With looks leſs timid, made his paſſion known,
And pleaſed by manners moſt unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in ſcorn of trade,
He ſerv'd the ſquire, and bruſhed the coat he made;
Yet now, would Phoebe her conſent afford,
Her ſlave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her ſhould years of growing love be ſpent,
And growing wealth:---ſhe ſighed, and looked conſent.

Now through the lane, up hill and croſs the green,
(Seen but by few and bluſhing to be ſeen,
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid,)
Led by the lover, walk'd the ſilent maid:
Slow through the meadows rov'd they many a mile,
Toy'd by each bank and triffled at each ſtile;
When as he painted every bliſsful view,
And highly colored what he ſtrongly drew,
The penſive damſel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the falſe proſpect with prophetic tears;
Thus paſſ'd the allotted hours, till lingering late,
The lover loitered at the maſters gate;
There he pronounc'd adieu! and yet would ſtay,
Till chidden---ſooth'd---entreated---forced away;
He would of coldneſs, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
When if his teazing vex'd her gentle mind,
The grief aſſumed, compell'd her to be kind;
For he would proof of plighted kindneſs crave,
That ſhe reſented firſt and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more,
Than his preſumption had required before.

* * * * * * * * * *

Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown, looſe hanging from her back,
One who an infant in her arms ſuſtains,
And ſeems in patience, ſtriving with her pains;
Pinched in her looks as one who pines for bread,
Whoſe cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes ſunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner till ſome sudden pain,
Frets the meek ſoul, and then she's calm again;
Her broken pitcher to the pool ſhe takes,
And every ſtep with, cautious terror makes,
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cauſe, maternal fear, alarms;
With water burthen'd then ſhe picks her way,
Slowly and cautious in the clinging clay:
Her home ſhe reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing firſt her infant on the floor,
She bares her boſom to the wind, and ſits,
And ſobbing, ſtruggles with the riſing fits;
In vain, they come, ſhe feels the inflating grief,
That ſhuts the ſwelling boſom from relief,
That ſpeaks in feeble cries a ſoul diſtreſſed,
Or the ſad laugh that cannot be repreſt.
The neighbor matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty ſupplies;
Unfee'd the calls of nature ſhe obeys,
Not led by profit, nor allured by praiſe,
And waiting long, till these contentions ceaſe,
She ſpeaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
But who's this child of weakneſs, want and care?
Tis Phoebe Dawſon, pride of Lammas fair!
Who took her lover for his ſparkling eyes,
Expreſſions warm and love inſpiring lies;
Compaſſion firſt aſſail'd her gentle heart,
For all his ſufferings, all his boſoms smart,
"And then his prayers; they would a ſavage move,
"And win the coldeſt of the ſex to love:"
But, ah! two ſoon his looks ſucceſs declar'd,
Too late her loſs the mariage rite repaired;
The faithleſs flaterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant, or a noiſy ſot:
If preſent, railing, till he ſaw her pained,
If abſent, ſpending what their labours gained;
Till that fair form in want and ſickneſs pin'd,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.

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